SEEN AT THE ORIENT.

JAPANESE IN THEIR OWN HOMES AS OBSERVED BY AMERICAN EYES.

People Who Have No Superiors In Many of the Arts—Exquisite Results of Their Handiwork In Carving, Enameling and Embroidery.

[Special Correspondence.]

KIOTO, Japan, Aug. 29.—While Japanese civilization is peculiar, it possesses certain qualities that will always make it attractive to the foreigner. This is especially true of its development in art as represented in painting, sculpture, enameling and lacquer work. Among all the eastern nations in a trip around the world I have seen nothing that compares with it. The beginnings, as of all things Japanese except cleanliness, may be traced to China through Corea, but the original has been immensely improved upon until Japan stands alone in the character of her productions and the independence of her schools.

Pictures are before me while I write, the mere outlines of which in their strength, directness and delicacy of expression would attract attention in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There may be a disregard of the laws of perspective, but so faultlessly accurate are the natural details that have been patiently worked in that the picture is apt to command a favorite place on your wall or in your album. It has been tersely said that "Japanese art is great in small things, but small in great things." The artists are the Raphaels of birds and fishes and insects and flowers, of bamboo stems swaying in the breeze and fragments of idealized scenery. Upon small surfaces their decorations are indescribably beautiful.

This sense of beauty is particularly emphasized in their culture of flowers and gardens. The whole population turns out several times in the year for no other purpose than to visit places that are noted for certain kinds of blossoms, and no visitor has seen Japan at its best until he has attended one or more of these charming flower festivals around which revolve the national holiday makings of the people.

Thus the cherry tree is cultivated not for its fruit, but for its blossom, and it has always been to Japan what the rose is to western nations. The chrysanthemum is another favorite flower, and at the proper season in Tokio one may see it worked into all sorts of shapes—men and gods, boats, bridges, castles, etc. The variety is amazing.

Some of the blossoms are immense, larger across than the span of a man's hand. Some are like large snowballs, the petals all smooth and turned in, one on top of the other. Others resemble the tousled head of a Scotch terrier or have long filaments stretched out like a starfish. The strangest thing of all is to see five or six kinds of various colors and sizes growing together on the same plant—a nosegay with only one stem, the result of judicious grafting. Of the same kind of blossoms as many as 600 have been known to be produced on one plant. In other cases the whole energy of a plant is made to concentrate on a single blossom, and the result is a marvel of beauty, though it is only attained by the accumulated toil of years and daily care during the seven months that precede the period of blossoming.

Triumphs of another kind are obtained in the composition of bouquets, which in Japan has been made an art, not to say a science, in which the philosophy of color is closely studied. So also is the arrangement of the gardens, a given effect being sought in the transplanting of large trees or the dwarfing of others. Thus you may see a pine tree or a maple 100 or 150 years old not more than six inches or a foot high.

In the matter of embroidery the Japanese again show their wonderful taste and skill in the combination of colors. Their brocades and painted silks and velvets possess extraordinary beauty, and, strangely enough, the best pieces are made by men and boys. The city of Kioto is one of the principal headquarters of this artistic industry, and a visit to Japan is incomplete unless one has gone through the quaint little shops.

In viewing Japanese bric-a-brac in the large cities of the United States comparatively few examples can be found of the best specimens produced, for the simple reason that they are either retained at home or purchased by the tourist. For instance, the art of cloisonne enameling, which first became known in Japan some 300 years ago, has only been brought to perfection within the last two decades, and such is the quality of the work that much of it is held at a value so great as to preclude any but persons of wealth from the possession of the best specimens. Nagoya, Kioto and Tokio are the three great centers of this species of art, but even here the few examples are small and eagerly sought.

In their architecture the Japanese also show the genius which touches perfection in small things. The massive, spacious and grand with which Europeans are familiar seem to be beyond their mental attitude, yet no other nation ever understood half so well how to twist a spray of flowers into artistic line and introduce here and there delightful little bits of ornamentation on which the eye loves to dwell.

The ordinary Japanese house is a light framework structure without foundation. It stands on the ground, not in it, like our own. The side is composed of wooden sliding doors that are stowed away in boxes during the daytime. In summer everything is thus opened to the outside air. In winter the wood is replaced by half transparent slides. Paper, by the way, answers a thousand purposes, from an umbrella or a rain coat to a broom or a table napkin.

The rooms are divided from each other by opaque paper screens, which, being removed, turn several rooms into one. The floor of the living rooms is covered with thick mats made of split bamboo closely fitted together so as to leave no interstices. As these mats are always of the same size, 6 by 3 feet, you measure the area of a room by the number of its mats. Thus you speak of a six mat room, a ten mat room and so on. Furniture is conspicuous by its absence. There are no tables, chairs or washstands. Your bed consists of quilts that are brought in at night and laid wherever it may be most convenient. You sit on the floor—hence dining tables are unnecessary—and you warm yourself at a brazier and take your meals from a little lacquer tray.

Japanese dishes, however, fail to satisfy European appetites. After a Japanese dinner you have simultaneously a feeling of fullness and the consciousness that you have eaten nothing that will do you any good. The food is clean, free from grease and often pretty to look at, but to the stomach of the tourist it is a delusion and a snare. Go into a Japanese restaurant and you will be impressed by the silence that reigns—the absence of the knife and fork clatter. A hundred persons may be feeding themselves with the help of chopsticks, yet you can almost hear a pin drop in the room.

G. W. C.

Useful Rats.

In Paris the rattrap does not kill the rat. They catch him, not to drown him, as here, but to utilize him. The rat is set to work to eat the flesh from the bones of carcasses. When he has done that thoroughly, then his slaughter comes. His fur is used for trimming, his skin for gloves, his thigh bones for toothpicks and his bones and tendons for gelatin wrappers.

At a summer resort a young man was heard discoursing on snakes. Among other pieces of information was this, "Whenever a miner dies in a coal mine the rattlesnakes that live in the mine entirely consume him, leaving nothing but his bones."

AN EX-COURT PREACHER.

Interest In Dr. Stoecker Revived by His Visit to This Country.

Few men were more talked about in Berlin five years ago than Rev. Dr. Christian Adolf Stoecker. He was then court preacher to the kaiser, but was much better known to the German people as a politician and legislator and as the originator of the anti-Semitic crusade of the Christian Socialist party, which has since become an important element in German politics. The notoriety which attended his agitation against the Jews finally caused his resignation from the court chaplainey, but he kept up the fight as an editor, as a preacher and as a politician.

DR. STOECKER.

Dr. Stoecker is at present in the United States on the invitation of Mr. Dwight L. Moody and the Presbyterian board of home missions, whose work in Chicago he is assisting by preaching sermons in the German language. Upon leaving the Lake City he will probably visit Toronto, Montreal, Boston and New York, but does not expect to make any extended stay, as he must be back in Berlin by the middle of October.

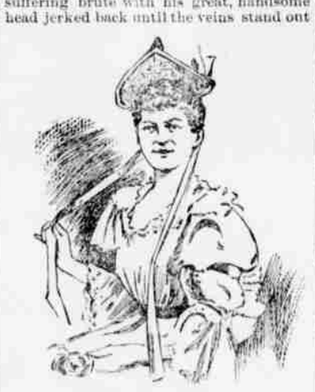
The doctor is a vigorous looking man of powerful physical frame. He is of medium height and about 53 years of age. He has a large face and square jaw, which gives him a very strong and determined expression, increased somewhat by the short gray side whiskers which he wears. After leaving the gymnasium he studied at Leipsic, Halle and Marburg and completed his theological course at the University of Berlin. He was ordained in 1863 and at the outbreak of the Franco-German war became a chaplain in the German army and went to the front with his regiment. After the war was over he was stationed at Metz for awhile and in 1877 was appointed court chaplain by old Emperor William, with whom he was a favorite. He was first elected to the reichstag in 1881.

SHE UNCHECKS THE HORSES.

The Humane Crusade Inaugurated by Miss Trella Foltz-Toland.

Miss Trella Foltz-Toland of San Francisco, a clever little actress, has evidently been reading that interesting and popular book called "Black Beauty, the Autobiography of a Horse." At any rate, animated by a very humane sentiment imbibed somewhere, she has started out on a sort of single handed crusade against cruelty to horses which has already won her the nickname "Checkrein Trella" and astonished the people of some of the western cities in which she has been acting. Miss Trella considers checkreins and blinders on horses positive instruments of torture and makes a practice of slipping the check off every horse she can reach and persuading the drivers to give up the use of blinders.

She does not think any one can doubt that a checkline causes a horse to suffer. "Of course it does," she says, "and especially in a city where there are hills and there is a heavy load in the wagon. It's simply awful, and I can't stand by and see it go on. Whenever I come across a poor suffering brute with his great, handsome head jerked back until the veins stand out



TRELLA FOLTZ-TOLAND.

like immense cords on his neck, I just go up and slip the rein off the check. I don't care who is looking, not even the owner. Sometimes I have to meet the wrath of the drivers, but that's nothing. I just stand my ground and tell them how cruel it is, and usually they believe me."

Miss Foltz thinks she must have dropped 100 checklines in Kansas City and Denver, and she got a letter of thanks for it from the president of the Kansas City Humane society. She saw a peddler one day driving a jaded looking animal, tightly checked, up a hill, and this is how she describes what took place:

"It was pitiful to see the wretched animal trying to drop his poor tired head, and he almost seemed to say that he wanted to stretch his neck. I just couldn't stand it, and I walked up and threw the checkrein off. The peddler looked very black and asked me what I was doing. I told him I had taken the checkrein off. 'That's my horse,' he said. I told him I knew it and then asked him how he would like to pull a heavy load up a hill with his head pulled back on his shoulders. He had to admit that he wouldn't like it at all, and then I showed him the eyes of the horse. They were sore and flowing. 'That's because you have those blinds on,' I said. Well, the poor man didn't know, I suppose, because he said he only had the horse three weeks."

In Leadville she was out walking with two other ladies, she says, "and we saw a man about a block off beating a lovely big fellow of a horse with the butt of a whip. Do you know all the blood in my body seemed to rush to my head, and I ran the whole block shrieking to the man to stop beating the poor thing. I suppose I must have looked like a mad woman, because he stopped, although he was terribly angry. He told me the poor thing wouldn't go up to a pile of quartz there, and he was whipping him to make him go. I went up and talked to that horse kindly and soothed him, and in five minutes we coaxed him to go just where the driver wanted him. It's always so. You can do anything with a horse if you treat him right."

How Tryon Floated the Ship.

The late Admiral Tryon was a very big man. Apropos of this fact, the writer of a biography of him tells a droll story. The admiral was once, apparently from his own ship, watching an attempt that was being made to float another ship which had grounded. By some mischance he fell overboard. Just as he did so the ship which had gone aground floated. Accordingly the sailors afterward held that Tryon had not fallen, but thrown himself into the sea, and that his object was to raise the level of the water so as to enable the stranded ship to come off. This object, they declared, he had undoubtedly achieved.—London Tit-Bits.

No Pews In Spanish Churches.

The custom of having no seats or pews in church continues in Spain. Each person has a rush bottomed sort of priedieu chair, called in Spanish a reclinatorio. The name of the owner is painted on the back, and all the chairs are kept in the sacristy or stacked in a corner of the church. Most heads of families send their servants on Saturday evening to arrange the chairs for Sunday morning.—St. Louis Republic.

THE BEGGAR'S DREAM.

To own a yacht, I think, would be pure bliss;
To have a horse would suit me to a dot;
To have a cottage would not come amiss,
E'en though it stood upon some backwoods lot.

To have a store of bonds would suit me quite;
To cut off coupons would be jolly fun;
I sometimes think I would be pleased to strike
A bit of venison if I'd a gun.

A shelf or two of rarest books would please;
A mantel hobbing bric-a-brac likewise;
I wouldn't mind a hammock and a breeze,
With naught to do but gaze up at the skies.

Yet, while I dream by day and night of such
And think their ownership would be immense,
'Twould also please me much if I could touch
And call my own a paltry fifty cents.

—Carlyle Smith in Harper's Bazar.

Grandfather Thunder's Family.

"The old man had three sons—one named M'dessun. He is the baby and is very fierce and cruel. It is he who slays men and beasts and destroys property. The other two are kind and gentle. They cool the hot air, revive the parched fields and the crops and destroy only that which is harmful to the earth. When you hear low, distant mutterings, that is the old man. He told the girl that as often as spring returned she must think of him and show that she was grateful by giving him a little smoke. He then took leave of her and sent her home, where her family had mourned her as one dead. Since then no Indian has ever feared thunder." I said, "But how about the lightning?" "Oh," said the old woman, "lightning is grandfather's wife."

At Jackson, in the White mountains, I met Louis Mitchell, for many years the Indian member of the Maine legislature, a Passamaquoddy, and asked him about this story. He said it was perfectly true, although the custom was now falling into disuse; only the old people kept it up. The tobacco is cast upon the fire in a ring and draws the electricity, which plays above it in a beautiful blue circle of flickering flames. He added that it is a well known fact that no Indian and no Indian property were ever injured by lightning.—Miss Abby L. Alger in Popular Science Monthly.

Our Household Pets.

The custom of having household pets among the lower animals is as old as the human race or the domestic animals themselves. They serve as interesting studies in natural history; they are good object lessons for children in thoughtful kindness and patience and are safety valves for superabundant affection. The dog ranks first, probably because of his naturally demonstrative nature rather than his superior intelligence to some other animals and some birds. The dog not only becomes an actual member of the family, but too frequently he becomes its autocrat, governing it with a rod of iron, making his own tastes and convenience so paramount to other considerations that he becomes a nuisance to all but his doting mistress.

The cat is far less obtrusive in its manners, and, the student of animals declares, no whit less intelligent or affectionate. It is a quiet, self contained, little beast with a shrewd lack of confidence in the intentions of its human sponsors which reminds one of the business man's maxim, "Believe everybody a liar till he has proved himself otherwise." Integrity of motive can scarcely be proved to the permanent satisfaction of a cat, but while there is no attempt at departure from the usual routine of life it will display a superficial truthfulness and affection really quite touching.—Philadelphia Press.

The Bear and the One Eyed Man.

The following story was related by a Dardistan man of the name of Ghalib Shah, residing at a village near Astor, called Parlishing. He was one night looking out whether any bear had come into his "tromba" field. He saw that a bear was there, and that he with his paws alternately took a pawful of "tromba," blew the chaff away and ate hastily. The man was blind of one eye and ran to his hut to get his gun. He came out and pointed it at the bear. The animal, who saw this, ran round the blind side of the man's face, snatched the gun out of his hand and threw it away.

The bear and the man then wrestled for a time, but afterward both gave up the struggle and retired. The man, after he had recovered himself, went to look for the gun, the stock of which he found broken. The matchstring by which the stock had been tied to the barrel had gone on burning all night and had been the cause of the gun being destroyed. The son of that man still lives at the village and tells this story, which the people affect to believe.—Dr. Leitner in Asiatic Quarterly.

Why Women Live Longer Than Men.

In the forty-ninth registration report of Massachusetts (1890) the compiler presents the statistics of 293 persons who were reported as having died during the 10 years (1881-90) at the age of 100 and over. Of this number 153, or 75.4 per cent, were females. By the state census of 1885 the number of females living over 80 years of age was nearly double that of males. The greater exposure of men to accidents, to weather agencies, to the constant strain of business life, to the anxiety of providing for the family, all tend to shorten the life of men. The deaths by accident among men are more than threefold greater than among women, and men commit suicide in about a threefold ratio as compared with women. —Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

A Story About Colorado Bears.

The following story, the work of an imaginative correspondent, comes from Colorado: "Two hunters, coming to the edge of a glade, saw 65 bears in consultation. One was lying bound with grapevines, two were watching over him, and another was making a speech. Presently the big bear stopped talking, and all the 63 growled an assent. Some of the bears threw a grapevine loop about the erring bear's neck, led him to a limb, threw the vine over, and six big bears walked away with it. In 10 minutes the bear was dead, and the others went solemnly away. The hunters secured the lynched bearskin without a bullet hole in it by way of proof."

Not Enough Trees For All.

During the late war a regiment of volunteers was posted along the front in heavy timber. As soon as the firing began in earnest, a recruit limped off to the rear, but soon struck a gait that would have made Maud S tremble for her record. He was halted in his flight, and when asked what was the matter said, "I just couldn't stand out there in the open all by myself." He was then asked why he did not get behind a tree. He was puzzled a moment, and then said, "There ain't only enough for the officers."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Coral Fishing In Sardinia.

Coral fishing is gradually decaying in the island of Sardinia. That fact is attributed by some to the exhaustion of the old coral reefs, while others say that it is due to the competition in the market by the selling of coral of inferior quality, fished in enormous quantities on the coast of Sicily and sold at an extremely low price.—St. Louis Republic.

Goust, the smallest separate and independent territory in the world, is situated in the lower Pyrenees, about 10 miles from Oleron, between the boundaries of France and Spain. The people speak a language of their own, a cross between French and Spanish.

Seven hundred and forty tanks of one mile each make a long row, but 740 rows, each with 740 tanks, begin to total up, while 740 piled up floors, each with 740 rows of 740 tanks, get big enough to hold even the entire sea.